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Miscellanies.

THE LANDSMANNSCHAFTEN; OR, SECRET ASSOCIATIONS OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

By late accounts from Europe, it appears that the German government has determined to re-model the Universities of that country, for the purpose of suppressing all the secret societies among the Students. Similar attempts have frequently been made; but have always proved unsuccessful. As many of our readers are probably unacquainted with the character and objects of these associations, we have extracted the following interesting account of their organization, from "Russell's Tour in Germany, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822."

Once outside of the class-room, the Burschen* show themselves a much less orderly race: if they submit to be ruled one hour daily by a professor, they rule him, and every other person, during all the rest of the four and twenty. The duels of the day are generally fought out early in the morning; the spare hours of the forenoon are spent in fencing, in *renoumen*—that is, in doing things which make people stare at them, and in providing duels for the morrow. In the evening, the various clans assemble in their commiseration-houses, to besot themselves with beer and tobacco; and it is long after midnight before the last strains of the last songs die away upon the streets. Wine is not the staple beverage, for Jena is not a wine country, and the students have learned to place a sort of pride in drinking beer. Yet, with a very natural contradiction, over their pots of beer, they vociferate songs in praise of the grape, and swing their jugs with as much glee as a Bursche of Heidelberg brandishes his *romer* of Rhenish. Amid all their multifarious and peculiar strains of joviality, I never heard but one in praise of the less noble liquor:

Come, brothers, be jovial, while life creeps along;
Make the walls ring around us with laughter and song.
Though wine, it is true, be a rarity here,
We'll be jolly as gods with tobacco and beer.
Vivalleralleralla.

Corpus Juris, avant! To the door with the Pandects!
Away with Theology's texts, dogmas, and sects!
Foul Medicine, begone! At the board of our revels,
Brothers, Muses like these give a man the blue devils.
Vivalleralleralla.

One can't always be studying; a carouse, on occasion,
Is a *sine qua non* in a man's education;
One is bound to get muddy and mad now and then;
But our beer jugs are empty, so fill them again.
Vivalleralleralla.*

A band of these young men, thus assembled in an ale-house in the evening, present as strange a contrast as can well be imagined, to all correct ideas, not only of studious academical tranquillity, but even of respectable conduct; yet, in refraining from the nightly observances, they would think themselves guilty of a less pardonable dereliction of their academic character, and a more direct treason against the independence of Germany, than if they subscribed to the Austrian Observer, or never attended for a single hour the lectures for which they pay. Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door, you must use your ears, not your eyes; for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how, and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighborhood; and, as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between

*It is necessary to mention, once for all, that the word *Bursche*, though it only means a *young fellow*, has been appropriated by the students, all over Germany, to designate themselves. They have agreed to consider themselves as being, *par excellence*, the young fellows of Germany. *Das Burschenleben*, for example, means, not the mode of life of young men in general, but only of young men at college.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that these rude rhymes are not translated from any idea that they possess poetical merit, but merely to show the character of the Burschen strains, and of the academicians, perhaps, who compose and sing them.

the two long tables which have sprung up, as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you, the paradise of German Burschen, destitute only of its Houris; every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe, that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany; they stop a second pipe, or light a second segar, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.

The songs of these studious revellers often bear a particular character. They are, indeed, mostly convivial, but many of them contain a peculiar train of feeling, springing from the peculiar modes of thinking of the Burschen, hazy aspirations after patriotism and liberty, of neither of which have they any idea, except that every Bursche is bound to adore them, and mystical allusions to some unknown chivalry that dwells in a fencing bout, or in the cabalistical ceremony, with which the tournament concludes, of running the weapon through a hat. Out of an university town, these effusions would be utterly insipid, just as so many of the native Venetian canzonettes lose all their effect, when sung anywhere but in Venice, or by any other than a Venetian. Thus, their innumerable hymns to the rapier, or on the moral, intellectual, and political effects of climbing up poles, and tossing the bar, would be unintelligible to all who do not know their way of thinking; and must appear ridiculous to every one who cannot enter into their belief, that these chivalrous exercises constitute the essence of manly honor; but they, themselves, chaunt these tournament songs (*Tournierlieder*) with an enthusiastic solemnity, which, to a third party, is irresistibly ludicrous. The period when they took arms against France was as fertile in songs as in deeds of valor. Many of the former are excellent in their way, though there was scarcely a professional poet in the band, except young Korner. These, with the more deep and intense strains of Arndt, will always be favorites, because they were the productions of times, and of a public feeling, unique in the history of Germany. Where no reference is made to fencing tournaments, or warlike recollections, there is nevertheless the distinct impress of Burschen feelings.

If they ever give vent in song, to the democratic and sanguinary resolves which are averred to render them so dangerous, it must be in their more secret conclaves; for, in the strains which enliven their ordinary potations, there is nothing more definite than in the above prosaic effusion. There are many vague declamations about freedom and country, but no allusions to particular persons, particular governments, or particular plans. The only change of government I ever knew proposed in their cantilenes, is one to which despotism itself could not object.

Let times to come, come as they may,
And empires rise and fall;
Let Fortune rule as Fortune will,
And wheel upon her ball;
High upon Bacchus' lordly brow
Our diadem shall shine;
And Joy, we'll crown her for his queen,
Their capital the Rhine.

In Heidelberg's huge tun, shall sit
The Council of our State,
And on our own Johannisberg
The Senate shall debate.
Amid the vines of Burgundy
Our Cabinet shall reign;
Our Lords and faithful Commons House
Assemble in Champaign.

Only the Cabinet of Constantinople could set itself, with any good grace, against such a reform.

But, worse than idly as no small portion of time is spent by the great body of the academic youth in these nightly debauches, this is only one, and by no means the most distinguished or troublesome, of their peculiarities; it is the unconquerable spirit of clanship, prevalent among them, which has given birth to their violence and insubordination; for it at once cherishes the spirit of opposition to all regular discipline, and constitutes an united body to give that opposition effect. The house of Hanover did not find more difficulty in reducing to tranquillity the clans of the Highlands of Scotland, than the Grand Duke of Weimar would encounter in eradicating the *Landmannschaften*, from among the four hundred students of Jena, and inducing them to conduct

themselves like orderly, well-bred young men. The *Landmannschaften* themselves are by no means a modern invention, though it is believed, that the secret organization which they give to the students all over Germany has, of late years, been used to new purposes. The name is entirely descriptive of the thing, a *Countrymanship*, an association of persons from the same country, or the same province of a country. They do not arise from the constitution of the university, nor are they acknowledged by it; on the contrary, they are proscribed both by the laws of the university and the government of the country. They do not exist for any academical purpose; for the young men have no voice in any thing connected with the university; to be a member of one, is an academical misdemeanor, yet there are few students who do not belong to one or another. They are associations of students belonging to the same province, for the purpose of enabling each, thus backed by all, to carry through his own rude will, let it be what it may; and, of late years, it is averred, to propagate wild political reveries, if not to foment political cabals. They are regularly organized; each has its president, clerk, and counsellors, who form what is called the Convent of the *Landmannschaft*. This body manages its funds, and has the direction of its affairs, if it have affairs. It likewise enjoys the honor of fighting all duels *pro patria*, for so they are named when the interest or honor not of an individual, but of the whole fraternity, has been attacked. The assembled presidents of the different *Landmannschaften* in a university constitute the *senior convent*. This supreme tribunal does not interfere in the private affairs of the particular bodies, but decides in all matters that concern the whole mass of Burschen and watches over the strict observance of the general academic code which they have enacted for themselves. The meetings of both tribunals are held frequently and regularly, but with so much secrecy, that the most vigilant police has been unable to reach them. They have cost many a professor many a sleepless night. The governments scold the senates, as if they trifled with, or even connived at the evil; the senates lose all patience with the governments, for thinking it so easy a matter to discover what the Burschen are resolved to keep concealed. The exertions of both have only sufficed to drive the *Landmannschaften* into deeper concealment. From the incessant quarrels and uproars, and the instantaneous union of all to oppose any measure of general discipline about to be enforced, the whole senate often sees plainly, that these bodies are in active operation, without being able either to ascertain who are their members, or to pounce upon their secret conclaves.

Since open war was thus declared against them by the government, secrecy has become indispensable to their existence, and the Bursche scruples at nothing by which this secrecy may be insured. The most melancholy consequence of this is, that, as every man is bound by the code to esteem the preservation of the *Landmannschaft* his first duty, every principle of honor is often trampled under foot to maintain it. In some universities it was provided by the code, that a student, when called before the senate to be examined about a suspected *Landmannschaft*, ceased to be a member, and thus he could safely say that he belonged to no such institution. In others, it was provided, that such an inquiry should operate as an *ipso facto* dissolution of the body itself, till the investigation should be over; and thus every member could safely swear that no such association was in existence. There are cases where the student, at his admission into the fraternity, gives his word of honor to do every thing in his power to spread a belief that no such association exists, and, if he shall be questioned either by the senate or the police, steadfastly to deny it. Here and there, the professors fell on the expedient of gradually extirpating them, by taking from every new student, at his matriculation, a solemn promise that he would not join any of these bodies; but where such principles are around, promises are useless, for deceit is reckoned a duty. The more moderate convents left it to the conscience of the party himself to decide, whether he was bound in honor by such a promise; but the code of Leipzig, as it has been printed, boldly declares every promise of this kind void, and those who have exacted it, punishable. Moreover, it invests the senior convent, in general terms, with the power of giving any man a dispensation from his word of honor, if it shall see cause, but confines this privilege, in money matters, to cases where he has been enormously cheated. Thus the code of university *Landmannschaften*, while it prates of nothing but the point of honor, and directs to that centre, all its fantastic regulations, sets out with a violation of every thing honorable. Such are the tenets of men who chatter unceasingly about liberty and patriotism, and have perpetually in their mouths such phrases as "the Burschen lead a free, honorable, and independent life in the cultivation

of every social and patriotic virtue." Thus do moral iniquities become virtues in their eyes, if they forward the ends, or are necessary to the continued existence of a worthless and mischievous association; and who can tell how far this process of measuring honor by imagined expediency, may corrupt the whole moral sense? Is it wonderful that Sand, taught to consider deceit, prevarication, or breach of promise, as virtues, when useful to a particular cause, should have regarded assassination in the same light, when the shedding of blood was to consecrate doctrines which he looked upon as holy?

The students who have not thought proper to join any of these associations, are few in number; and, in point of estimation, form a class still more despised and insulted than the *Philistines* themselves. Every *Bursche* thinks it dishonorable to have communication with them; they are admitted to no carousal; they are debarred from all balls and public festivals by which the youth contrive to make themselves notorious and ridiculous. Such privations would not be severely felt, but they are farther exposed to every species of contempt and insult; to abuse them is an acceptable service to Germany; in the class-room, and on the street, they must be taught that they are "cowardly slaves," and all this, because they will not throw themselves into the fetters of a self-created fraternity. However they may be outraged, they are entitled neither to redress nor protection; should any of them resent the maltreatment heaped upon him, he brings down on himself the vengeance of the whole mass of initiated; for, to draw every man within the circle, is a common object of all the clans; he who joins none, is the enemy of all. Blows, which the *Burschen* have proscribed among themselves, as unworthy of gentlemen, are allowed against the "Wild Ones,"—for such is the appellation given to these quiet sufferers, from the caution with which they must steal along, trembling at the presence of a Comment *Bursche*, and exiled, as they are, from the refined intercourse of *Commerz-houses* to the wilds and deserts of civilized society.—Others, unable to hold out against the insolence and contempt of the young men among whom they are compelled to live, in an evil hour seek refuge beneath the wing of a *Landmannschaft*. These are named *Renoncen*, or *Renouncers*. Having renounced the state of nature, they stand, in academical civilization, a degree above the obstinate "Wild Ones," but yet they do not acquire, by their tardy and compelled submission, a full claim to all *Burschen* rights. They are merely entitled to the protection of the fraternity which they have joined, and every member of it will run any man through the body who dares to insult them, in word or deed, otherwise than is prescribed by the *Burschen* code. By abject submission to the will of their imperious protectors, they purchase the right of being abused and stabbed only according to rule instead of being kicked and knocked down contrary to all rule.

Associations are commonly formed for purposes of good will and harmony; but the very object of the *Landmannschaften* is quarrelling. So soon as a number of these fraternities exist, they become the sworn foes of each other, except when a common danger drives them to make common cause. Each aspires at being the dominant body in the university, and, if not the most respected, at least the most feared in the town. They could be tolerated, if the subject of emulation were, which should produce the greatest number of decent scholars; it would even be laudable if they contended which should be victor at cricket or foot-ball.—But unfortunately, the ambitious contest of German *Burschen* is simply, who shall be most successful at *renouncing*, that is, at doing something, no matter what, which will make people stare at them, and talk about them; or, who shall fight the greatest number of duels, or cause them to be fought; or, who will show the quickest invention, and the readiest hand, in resisting all attempts, civil or academical, to interfere with their vagaries. If opportunities of mortifying each other do not occur, they must be made; the merest trifles are sufficient to give a pretext for serious quarrels, and the sword is immediately drawn to decide them; the "consummation devoutly to be wished," which is at bottom the grand object of the whole. At Jena, the custom has been allowed to grow up, of permitting the students to give balls; the Senate has only tried to make them decent, by confining them to the Rose, an inn belonging to the University, and therefore under its control. If they be given any where else, the *Burschen* cannot expect the company of the fashionable ladies of Jena, the wives and daughters of the professors. Now, a *Landmannschaft* which gives a ball, *renowns* superbly; it makes itself distinguished, and it must, therefore, be mortified. The other *Burschen* station themselves at the door, or below the windows; they hoot, yell, sing, whistle, and make all sorts of noises, occasionally completing the joke by breaking the windows. This necessarily brings up an abundant crop of scandals; and it can easily happen, that as much blood is shed next morning, as there was negus drunk the night before. A *Landmannschaft* had incautiously announced a ball, before engaging the musicians; the others immediately engaged the only band of which Jena could boast, for a concert on the same evening. The dancers would have been under the necessity of either sacrificing their fete, or bringing over an orchestra from Weimar; but the quarrel was prevented from coming to extremes by the non-dancers giving up their right over the fiddlers, on condi-

tion that the ball should be considered as given by the whole body of *Burschen*, not by any particular fraternity. A number of students took it into their heads to erect themselves into an independent dutchy, which they named after a village in the neighborhood of Jena, whither they regularly repaired to drink beer. He who could drink most, was elected Duke, and the great officers of his court were appointed in the same way, according to their capacity for liquor. To complete the farce, they paraded the town. Though all this might be extremely good for sots and children, in students it was exquisitely ridiculous; but it attracted notice; it was a piece of successful *renouncing*, and their brethren could not tamely submit to be thrown into the shade. A number of others forthwith erected themselves into a free town of the empire; took their names from another neighboring village; elected their Burgomaster, Syndic, and Counsellors, and habited in the official garb of Hamburg or Frankfurt, made their procession on foot, to mark their contempt of ducal pomp, and point themselves out as industrious frugal citizens. The two parties now came in contact with each other; and it was daily expected, that their reciprocal caricatures, like angry negotiations, would prove the forerunners of an open war between his Serene Highness and the Free Town.

The individual *Bursche*, in his academical character, is animated by the same paltry, arrogant, quarrelsome, domineering disposition. When fairly imbued with the spirit of his sect, no rank can command respect from him, for he knows no superior to himself and his comrades. A few years ago, the Empress of Russia, when she was at Weimar, visited the University Museum of Jena. Among the students who had assembled to see her, one was observed to keep his bonnet on his head, and his pipe in his mouth, as her Imperial Majesty passed. The Pro-rector called the young man before him, and remonstrated with him on his rudeness. The defence was in the genuine spirit of *Burschenism*: "I am a free man; what is an Empress to me?" Full of lofty, untelligible notions of his own importance and high vocation, misled by ludicrously erroneous ideas of honor, and hurried on by the example of all around him, the true *Bursche* swaggers and renowns, choleric, raw and overbearing. He measures his own honor, because his companions measure it, by the number of *scandals* he has fought, but neither he nor they ever waste a thought on what they have been fought for. To have fought unsuccessfully is bad; but, if he wishes to become a respected and influential personage, not to have fought at all is infinitely worse. He, therefore, does not fight to resent insolence, but he insults, or takes offence, that he may have a pretext for fighting. The lecture-rooms are but secondary to the fencing-school: that is his temple, the rapier is his god, and the Comment is the gospel by which he swears.

This *Comment*, as it is called, is the *Burschen* Pandects, the general code to which all the *Landmannschaften* are subject. However numerous the latter may be in a university, there is but one comment, and this venerable body of law descends from generation to generation, in the special keeping of the senior convent. It is the holy volume, whose minutest regulations must neither be questioned nor slighted; what it allows cannot be wrong, what it prohibits cannot be right. "He has no comment in him," used to be a proverbial expression for a stupid fellow. It regulates the mode of election of the superior officers, fixes the relation of "Wild Ones" and "Renouncers" to the true *Burschen*, and of the *Burschen* to each other; it provides punishments for various offences, and commonly denounces excommunication against thieves and cheaters at play, especially if the cheating be of any very gross kind. But the point of honor is its soul.—The comment is, in reality, a code, arranging the manner in which *Burschen* shall quarrel with each other, and how the quarrel, once begun, shall be terminated. It fixes, with the most pedantic solicitude, a graduated scale of offensive words, and the style and degree of satisfaction that may be demanded for each. The scale rises, or is supposed to rise, in enormity, till it reaches the atrocious expression, *Dummer Junge*, (stupid youth,) which contains within itself every possible idea of insult, and can be atoned for only with blood. The particular degrees of the scale may vary in different universities; but the principle of its construction is the same in all, and in all "stupid youth" is the boiling point. If you are assailed with any epithet which stands below *stupid youth* in the scale of contumely, you are not bound immediately to challenge; you may "set yourself in advantage;" that is, you may retort on the offender with an epithet which stands higher than the one he has applied to you. Then your opponent may retort, if you have left him room, in the same way, by rising a degree above you; and thus the courteous terms of the comment may be bandied between you, till one or the other finds only the highest step of the ladder unoccupied, and is compelled to pronounce the "stupid youth," to which there is no reply but a challenge. I do not say that this is the ordinary practice; in general, it comes to a challenge at once; but such is the theory of the Comment.—Whoever submits to any of these epithets, without either setting himself in advantage, or giving a challenge, is forthwith punished by the convent with *Verschias*, or the lesser excommunication; for there is a temporary and a perpetual *Verschias*, something like the lesser and greater excommunication in ecclesiastical discipline. He may recover his rights and his honor, by fighting, within a given time, with

one member of each of the existing *Landmannschaften*; but if he allows the fixed time to pass without doing so, the sentence becomes irrevocable: no human power can restore him to his honors and his rights; he is declared infamous for ever; the same punishment is denounced against all who hold intercourse with him; every mode of insult, real or verbal, is permitted and laudable against him; he is put to the ban of this academical empire, and stands alone among his companions, the butt of unceasing scorn and contumely.

In the conduct of the duel itself, the comment descends to the minutest particulars. The dress, the weapons, the distance, the value of different kinds of thrusts, the length to which the arm shall be bare, and a thousand other minutiae, are all fixed, and have, at least, the merit of preventing every unfair advantage. In some universities the sabre, in others the rapier, is the academical weapon; pistols nowhere. The weapon used at Jena is what they call a *Schlager*. It is a straight blade, about three feet and a half long, and three-cornered like a bayonet. The hand is protected by a circular plate of tin, eight or ten inches in diameter, which some burlesque poets, who have had the audacity to laugh at *Burschenism*, have profaned with the appellation of "The Soup Plate of Honor." The handle can be separated from the blade, and the soup plate from both,—all this for purposes of concealment. The handle is put in the pocket, the plate is buttoned under the coat, the blade is sheathed in a walking-stick, and thus the parties proceed unsuspected to the place of combat, as if they were going out for a morning stroll.—The tapering triangular blade necessarily becomes roundish towards the point; therefore, no thrust counts, unless it be so deep that the orifice of the wound is three-cornered; for, as the Comment has it, "no affair is to be decided in a trifling and childish way, merely *pro forma*." Besides the seconds, an umpire and a surgeon must be present; but the last is always a medical student, that he may be under the comment-obligation to secrecy. All parties present are bound not to reveal what passes, without distinction of consequences if it has been fairly done; the same promise is exacted from those who may come accidentally to know any thing of the matter. To give information or evidence against a *Bursche*, in regard to any thing not contrary to the Comment, is an inextinguishable offence. Thus life may easily be lost without the possibility of discovery; for authority is deprived, as far as possible, of every means by which it might get at the truth. It is perfectly true, that mortal combats are not frequent, partly from the average equality of skill, every man being in the daily practice of his weapon, partly, because there is often no small portion of gasconade in the warlike propensities of these young persons; yet neither are they so rare as many people imagine. It does not often happen, indeed, that either of the parties is killed on the spot, but the wounds often superinduce other mortal ailments, and still more frequently, lay the foundation of diseases which cling to the body through life. A professor, who perhaps has had better opportunities of learning the working of the system than any of his colleagues, assured me, that instances are by no means rare, of young men carrying home consumption with them, in consequence of slight injuries received in the lungs. On the occasion of the last fatal duel at Jena, the government at Weimar gave this gentleman a commission to inquire into the affair. He declined it, unless he were authorized, at the same time, to act against the *Landmannschaften* generally. On receiving this power, he seized a number of their *Schlager*, and sent to jail a score of those whom he believed to be most active in the con-fraternities. But the impression of this unwonted rigor was only temporary; they became more secret, but not at all less active.

Yet, let it only become necessary to oppose the inroad of discipline, to punish the townsmen, or to do some extravagant thing that will astound the governments, and these bodies, which thus live at daggers-drawing with each other, are inseparable. They take their measures with a secrecy which no vigilance has hitherto been able to penetrate, and an unanimity which has scarcely been tainted by a single treason. The mere townsmen are objects of supreme contempt to the *Bursche*; for, from the moment he enters the university, he looks on himself as belonging to a class set apart for some peculiarly high vocation, and vested with no less a privilege than that of acknowledging no law but their own will. The citizens he denominates *Philistines*, and considers them to exist only to fear, honor, and obey the chosen people of whom he himself is one. The greater part of the inhabitants are dependent, in some professional shape or other, on those who attend the university, and must have the fear of the *Burschen* daily and nightly before their eyes.—To murmur at the caprices of the Academic Israel, to laugh at their mummeries, or seriously resist and resent their arrogance, would only expose the unhappy *Philistine* to the certainty of having his head and his windows broken together; for he has no rights, as against a *Bursche*, not even that of giving a challenge, unless he be a nobleman or a military officer. When the *Burschen* are in earnest, no civil police is of any earthly use; they would as little hesitate to attack it as they would fail of putting it to flight. I saw Leipzig thrown into confusion, one night, by the students attempting to make themselves masters of the person of a soldier, who, they believed, had insulted one of their brethren in a quarrel on the street about some worthless woman. Although it was late, the offended party had been able speedily to col-

lect a respectable number of academic youth, to attack the guard-house; for a well trained Bursche knows the com-menz-houses, where his comrades nightly congregate to drink, smoke, and sing, as certainly as a well trained police officer knows the haunts of thieves and pick-pockets.

The most imminent danger which the Landsmannschaften have hitherto encountered, arose from the students themselves. The academical youth seemed to have brought back from the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, a spirit of more manly union; and, perhaps, an earnest contest against French bayonets had taught them to look with less prejudiced eyes on the paltriness of their own ridiculous squabbles. A few leading heads at Jena proposed that the Landsmannschaften should be abolished, and the Comment abrogated; not, however, with the view of crushing all associations, but that the whole body of the students might be united in one general brotherhood, under a new and more reasonable constitution. The Landsmannschaften did not yield without a struggle, but the Burschenschaft (for so they baptized the new association, because it comprehended all Burschen) finally triumphed; renouncing dwindled away, and venerable dust began to settle on the Comment. It is agreed on all hands, that, during the existence of this body, the manners of the university improved. In the investigation afterwards instituted by the Diet, the Professors bore witness, that greater tranquillity, order, and respect for the laws, had never been manifested in Jena, than under the Burschenschaft. There was nothing compulsory in it; no constraint was used, no insult or contempt was permitted towards those who did not choose to join it. So far was it already advanced in civilization, in comparison with the former brotherhoods, that besides prohibiting the introduction of dogs into its solemn assemblies, it would allow no man either to smoke, or to remain covered in them. It was even provided, that the orator should turn his face to the Burschen while he was addressing them, and take his seat again, when he had finished.*—This spirit of uniformity, going out from Jena, shook the old institutions in other universities; till at length, when the students had assembled from every corner of Germany, in 1817, to celebrate on the Wartburg, the anniversary of the Reformation, and the battle of Leipzig, the destruction of the Landsmannschaften was unanimously voted, and the all-comprehending Burschenschaft was to take their place. But this proved its ruin. It had been resolved, not merely to melt into one organized association the whole body of students in their respective universities, but to form a supreme council of delegates from them all, to direct, and give unity to the whole. The fears which the governments had long entertained, that political objects were concealed beneath the Burschenschaft, now became certainty. The organization of the body, and the regular contribution by which funds were to be created; the resolution to wear the sword and plume as the proper ornaments of a chivalrous student, and to adopt a sort of uniform in the singular dress which is still so common among them, were all regarded, if not as indications of dangerous designs, at least as instruments which could easily be used for dangerous purposes. The very language in which they announced their objects, so far as any distinct idea could be drawn from its mystical verbosity, covered them with political suspicion. The words country, freedom and independence, were perpetually in their mouths: and people naturally asked, how is this new Germanic Academic Diet to benefit any one of the three? What means this regular array of deputies and committees among persons who have no duty but that of prosecuting their studies?—To what end this universal Burschen Tribunal, which is to extend its decrees from Kiel to Tübingen, and direct the movements of a combined body from the shores of the Baltic to the foot of the Alps? These questions were in every body's mouth; and it is unjust to say that they were merely politic alarms sounded by the minions of suspicious and oppressive governments. He must be a credulous man who can believe, that from eight to ten thousand students, animated by the political ardor which, of late years, has pervaded all the universities of Germany, could be thus organized, without becoming troublesome to the public tranquillity; and he must be a very imprudent man, who could wish to see the work of political regeneration, even where it is needed, placed in such hands. Members of the university of Jena itself, who are no lovers of despotism, do not conceal their conviction, that, although the founders of the Burschenschaft were sincere in their desires to abolish the old murderous distinctions, yet they labored after this union, only with the view of using it as a political instrument. The governments denounced the new associations; in Jena, they had first breathed, and in Jena they first expired. The Burschenschaft obeyed the order of the Grand Duke for its abolition. The Landsmannschaften immediately come forth from their graves; the Comment once more became the rule of faith and life; renouncing and scandalizing reassumed their ancient honors; and as formerly, the Burschen still quarrel and fight, and swear loudly to make good their "academical liberty."

It is amusing to listen to the pompousness with which these young men speak of this *Akademische Freiheit*, when it is known that it means precisely nothing. To judge from

the lofty periods in which they declaim about the blessings it has showered on the country, and the sacred obligations by which they are bound to maintain it, we would conclude that it invests them with no ordinary franchises; while, in truth, it gives them nothing that any other man would wish to have. To be dressed, and to look like no other person; to let his beard grow, where every good Christian shaves; to let his tangled locks crawl down upon his shoulders, where every well-bred man wears his hair short; to clatter along the streets in monstrous jack-boots, loaded with spurs, which, from their weight and size, have acquired the descriptive appellations of pound-spurs; to rub the elbow of his coat against the wall, till he has made a hole in it,* where ordinary people think it more respectable to wear a coat without holes; to stroll through the streets singing, when all decent citizens are in bed; to join his pot companions nightly in the ale-house, and besot himself with beer and tobacco; these, and things like these, are the ingredients in the boasted academical freedom of a German student. In every thing connected with the university, he has neither voice nor influence; in this respect, a boy of the Greek or Latin class at Glasgow, when he gives his vote for the Rector Magnificus, is entitled to look down with contempt on the brawling braggarts of Göttingen or Jena. These modes of liberty the Bursche enjoys in common with every silly or clownish fellow in the country; for they consist merely in being singular, ridiculous, and ill-bred, where other people, who have the same right, choose to act otherwise.

THE VICTORY.

BY BULWER.

Oh Earth! reservoir of life, over whose deep bosom, brood the wings of the Universal Spirit, shaking upon thee a blessing and a power—a blessing and a power to produce and reproduce the living from the dead, so that our flesh is woven from the same atoms which were the atoms of our sires, and the inexhaustible nutriment of existence is decay! O eldest and most solemn earth, blending even thy loveliness and joy with a terror and an awe! thy sunshine is girt with clouds, and circled with storm and tempest; thy day cometh from the womb of darkness, and returneth into darkness, as man returns into thy bosom. The green herb that laughs in the valley; the water that sings merrily along the wood; the many winged and all-searching air, which garners life as a harvest, and scatters it as a seed; all are pregnant with corruption, and carry the cradled death within them, as the oak bequeatheth the destroying worm. But who that looks upon thee, and loves thee, and inhales thy blessings, will ever mingle too deep a moral with his joy? Let us not ask whence come the garlands that we wreath around our altars, or shower upon our feast; will they not bloom as brightly, and breathe with as rich a fragrance, whether they be plucked from the garden or the grave? O earth, my mother earth! dark sepulchre that closes upon all which the flesh bears; but vestibule of the vast regions which the soul shall pass; how leaped my heart within me, when I first fathomed thy real spell!

Yes! never shall I forget the rapture with which I hailed the light that dawned upon me at last! never shall I forget the suffocating—the full—the extatic joy with which I saw the mightiest of all human hopes accomplished; and felt, as if an angel spoke, that there is a life beyond the grave! Tell me not the price of ambition—tell me not of the triumphs of science; never had ambition so lofty an end as the search after immortality! never had science so sublime a triumph, as the conviction that immortality will be gained! I had been at my task the whole night; pale alchemist, seeking for meaner truths, to extract the greatest of all! At the first hour of day, lo! the gold was there: the labor for which I would have relinquished life, was accomplished; the dove descended upon the waters of my soul. I fled from the house. I was possessed as with a spirit. I ascended a hill which looked for leagues upon the sleeping valley. A gray mist hung around me like a veil; I paused, and the sun broke slowly forth; I gazed upon its majesty, and my heart swelled. So rests the soul, said I, from the vapors of the dull being. The mists rolled gradually away, the sunshine deepened and the face of nature lay in smiles, yet silently, before me. It lay before me a scene that I had often witnessed, and hailed and worshipped; but it was not the same; a glory had passed over it; it was steeped in a beauty and a holiness, in which neither youth, nor poetry, nor even love, had ever robed it before! The change which the earth had undergone, was that of some being we have loved—When death is past, and from a mortal it becomes an angel!

I uttered a cry of joy; and was then as silent as all around me. I felt as if henceforth there was a new compact between Nature and myself; I felt as if every tree and blade of grass, was henceforth to be eloquent with a voice, and instinct with a spell. I felt as if a religion had entered into the earth, and made oracles of all the earth bears; the old fables of Dodona were to become realized, and the very leaves to be hallowed by a sanctity, and to murmur with a truth. I was no longer a machine of clay, moved by a spring, and to be trodden into the mire which I had trod; I was no longer tied to humanity by links which could never be broken, and which,

*This actually occurred in Jena; it was Renouncing; it was something to be stared at.

if broken, would avail me not. I was become as by a miracle, a part of a vast though unseen spirit. It was not the matter, but to the essence of things that I bore kindred and alliance; the stars and the heavens resumed over me their ancient influence, and as I looked along the far hills and the silent landscape, a voice seemed to swell from the stillness and to say. 'I am the life of these things, a spirit distinct from the things themselves. It is to me that you belong forever and ever; separate, but equally indissoluble; apart but equally eternal!'

The first intoxication and rapture consequent upon the reward of my labor passed away, and unlike other excitation, it was not followed by languor, or a staid and torpid calm; a soothing and delicious sensation possessed me; my turbulent spirit slept; and memory recalled the world and rejoiced at the retreat which Hope had acquired.

I now surrendered myself to a nobler philosophy than in crowds and cities I had hitherto known. I no longer satirized—I inquired; I no longer derided—I examined. I looked from the natural proofs of immortality, to the written promise of our Father. I sought not to baffle men, but to worship truth; I applied myself more to the knowledge of good and evil; I bowed my soul before the loveliness of Virtue; and though scenes of wrath and passion yet lowered in the future, and I was again speedily called forth, to act, to madden, to contend—perchance to sin: the image is still unbroken, and the votary has still an offering for its altar.

Editor's Correspondence.

For the Literary Journal.

TO W. P.

Deep midnight—over earth and over sea,
Silence her waveless banner hath unfurled—
All is so quiet, nature seems to be
Slumbering within a yet unstricken world.
This holy light beareth no trace of tears—
Hushed are the sorrows and the pangs of years.

I stand amid the silence, on a height
Whence earth, sky, ocean,—all—all are revealed
In one sweet luxury of living light,
As some new fount of heaven were just unsealed,
And the full flood came gushing upon earth,
In the first rapture of its heavenly birth.

I would that thou wert with me, even here—
With the high thoughts that animate thy soul.
The kindling sympathies that make thee dear,
Would quicken into love, and spurn control;
And our rapt spirits melting into one,
Would blend like rays converging to the sun.

Th' eternal fount of life from whence we came!
Drawn up together to that living source,
What fervid worship would our souls enflame,
As we kept onward in our starry course!
The pinions of the wind we would outfly,
And trace the sapphire borders of the sky.

And would it not be thus?—I know that thou
Art one of Fancy's most impassioned sons;
And one of those meek votaries, who bow
Where Calvary's stream with ceaseless mercy runs:
Then wherefore would not souls like thine and mine,
Be mingled here, where all is pure—divine?

They would—I know they would—yea, now they are;
These waving woods—that deeply breathing sea—
The lovely moon—yon richly beaming star—
The voice of wind, and stream, and wandering bee—
The galaxy—and all those vine-wreathed isles,
Which light old ocean's beaming face with smiles,

Are instinct with thy spirit, one and all.

I feel thy presence vividly;—and here
Bursting away each fetter—every thrall—

My spirit will go on, from sphere to sphere
From glory unto glory, with thy own:
Neither would track the Universe alone.

And thus, a holy tie is wrought around
Our very spirits, which 'twere sin to break:
And though forevermore, the pleasant sound
Of either's voice, the other may not wake;
That tie that bindeth now, shall bind us still,
Through every changing scene of joy and ill.

SWAN OF AVON.

Translated by B****, from the Original French of Mad. de Beau, for the Literary Journal.

MARIA ROSA; OR, THE DUNGEON ROCK.

CHAPTER III.

"Some think to close him
By having him confined—
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind—
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way."

She enters—she grasps the hand of Leon, whom she hurries from the rock—"Am I once more free!" said that voice which she had almost despaired of hearing again. "Let us hasten—let us hasten," replied the happy girl. "Together!" exclaimed Leon, who, in his ecstasy, had almost forgotten the danger of his situation. "Silence," said she, placing upon his mouth, one of her hands, which he covered with kisses. "Be silent: let us flee!"—and he followed her down the path, with the speed of a liberated bird.

The soul of Leon was transported with feelings of love, of gratitude, of happiness, which he could only express by holding nearer to his heart, the arm which leaned upon his own. Whenever he attempted to utter a word—"Hush—hush!"—at Genzano—was her only answer, as she hastened forward with such rapidity, that he, every moment, expected to see her sink down from mere exhaustion.

But when, at the first dawning of the morning light, she reached the dwelling of the Cure, and beckoned Leon to knock at the door, when she knew that he at last was safe, her voice and strength suddenly failed, and more dead than alive, she entered the only shelter in which she could repose her head.

An asylum was readily granted to herself and her young companion, with that kindness which adds a double value to a generous action; for the worthy Cure met her as a father would receive his child: and when the gentle girl, in a few words and with a feeble voice, related the occurrences of that dreadful night and of the days of misery which had preceded it, tears, which he could not restrain, fell, upon the cheeks of the good old man.

And if he wept, what must have been the feelings of Leon? Leon, for whom this noble creature had endured anguish so unutterable! His eyes were fixed upon her with delight: he was intoxicated with the consciousness of being the object of such affection: and words have no power to express his transports of endearing tenderness.

"My child," said the good Cure, when she had concluded her narrative; "your trials, I hope, are at an end; This day, your friend must return to Rome: for Ascanio and his people are enemies too powerful and desperate, for him to brave by remaining in this vicinity: and to-morrow, my daughter, I will present you to the abbess, who has consented—"

"In a convent—in a convent!" cried Leon! with a vehemence which he could not control. He appealed to that heart, of whose feelings he was certain. Maria Rosa, exhausted by fatigue, by a succession of emotions too violent for the weakness of her frame, had not sufficient strength to request his silence. A painful smile passed over her pale and colorless features, and she sunk down, without consciousness or feeling.

As she recovered from a swoon so long continued, that they had trembled for her life, Leon did not attempt to conceal his transports. He pressed his lip to her hands—he folded her to his heart—he thanked Heaven, for having preserved his happiness, his treasure. He had felt that without her, he could not desire to live—he had determined to make her his wife; and the presence of the priest imposed no restraint upon the expression of his feelings; for it was from that good old man, that he hoped to receive the privilege of dedicating his own life to the happiness of her by whom it had been preserved.

Heaven seemed to open itself to the view of Maria Rosa, when she heard Leon express his wish to unite their destinies by that most holy tie.

She nevertheless opposed a resolution of which she feared that gratitude might be the immediate exciting cause. The aged Cure joined with her, in endeavoring to convince him of the improbability that such a marriage would receive the

approbation of his wealthy and powerful family: but Leon would not listen to these objections; or rather, he replied to them all, by urging the fact, that being of full age, he had a perfect right to dispose of his hand and his affections: that he had no father; and that his mother, of whom he was almost the idol, would never refuse to acknowledge as a daughter, her, who had just saved the life of her son; her, without whom that son would perish in grief and despair. He spoke of the wretchedness which must await him, if separated from her, with a strength and vividness of feeling which she could not resist. He implored the commiseration of the kind-hearted old man: he appealed to the love of the trembling girl who could only answer by her silent tears. At length, the good priest could resist no longer; overcome by the fear of separating two hearts whose devotion appeared so deep and mutual; and indulging the fond hope that a brighter fate was opening upon the child of misfortune.

On the next night, in the presence of faithful witnesses, in whose discretion the Cure could place implicit confidence, Leon d'Estourville and the poor orphan of Nemi, received the nuptial blessing in the church of Genzano.

This sudden transition from a state of despair, to one of unspeakable happiness, at first, deprived Maria Rosa of the power of believing that all this felicity could be real. She was an hundred times obliged to repeat—"I am his wife!"—she was obliged to gaze upon the authenticated certificate of her marriage, which the good Cure had placed in her hands, with a strong injunction that it should never be mislaid; in order to convince herself that she was not in a rapturous dream. While in the carriage which was hastening with her to Rome, she could not look at her fond companion—she could not look at the road which appeared to be flying behind her, without exclaiming from the depth of her soul—"Oh how happy am I now,"—"and I," said Leon, folding her in his arms, "how happy am I also."

On their arrival at Rome, they learned the cause of the great dangers to which they had been exposed. The bandit Marco had betrayed the confidence of his worthy associates: and after receiving the gold which had been furnished for his master's ransom, had absconded with his baggage and horses.

This event delayed for several days, the departure of Leon for France. At length, having finished his preparations, he took the road to Paris, to the extreme gratification of his bride, who did not in a city like Rome, feel secure from the revengeful machinations of Ascanio.

But notwithstanding the delightful anticipations of the young couple at the commencement of their journey, Maria Rosa soon noticed that Leon was often buried in a deep reverie. "What can thus weigh upon his mind?" she inquired of herself. "Can he love me less?"—for the thoughts of the gentle creature were naturally directed to the only misfortune which she feared. At length, wearied with answering the question from her own imagination, she summoned courage to address it to himself.

"What do you ask?" he exclaimed, pressing her to his heart:—"never did I love you more; never did I hold you dearer than at this moment. But alas, I deceived you; or rather I deceived myself, when I said, that my mother would approve of our union. She loves, she dotes on me—but no being is more infatuated than herself with the pride of birth. This so far controls her feelings, that she can view only with horror, the new order of things, which is established in France. How heedless I have been—how often have I told her, with a laugh, that every one in Europe would acknowledge the Emperor except the Marchioness d'Estourville!—Little did I think then, that the weakness which was a subject for my boyish jests, would cause me to tremble at this hour; and at that moment, when without having time to prepare her heart to pardon me, I shall suddenly tell her that I am married."

"And would you tell her so?" she hastily inquired.

"Do you believe that I can desire to conceal the fact that you are my wife?"

"God knows that I am. You know it also: and what have I to do with others? Above every thing else, my husband, think of your own welfare—your own peace. If you are contented, satisfied; you may ever say to yourself,—Maria Rosa is surely happy."

"With the form of an angel, Heaven has given thee the spirit of an angel also," said Leon, gazing upon her with delighted admiration. But the more closely he felt the cords of affection binding him to the beautiful partner of his life, the more deeply repugnant to his impetuous spirit, was the thought of secrecy. To obtain his consent to this, she was compelled to exhaust every argument and persuasion. It was at length agreed, that the fact of the marriage should not immediately be revealed: and the remainder of the journey passed without another unhappy thought.

Leon repaired with his bride, to the house of his aged tutor; of whose friendship he was certain, and in whose discretion he could rely. M. Gautier, after the education of Leon had been completed, had married; and the property which he received with his wife, together with his salary which was still continued by the Marchioness, afforded him the means of a competent and easy support.

Leon immediately confided his secret to this worthy couple: certain that they who had no children, would soon become interested in his lovely wife, who was to pass for one of their female relations.

A commodious apartment was prepared for her reception; and was embellished by Leon, with all the costly elegancies of luxury. Maria Rosa objected to his lavish expenditure for articles which were superfluous for her. "Be tranquil, my love, be tranquil," he would reply: "we are rich:"—and these words "we are," were so sweet to her ear, that she could no longer chide.

Not a day went by, in which Leon did not pass several hours with his wife. With what joy he escaped from the most splendid dinners—the most brilliant parties; to go and take his place at the table of the Gautiers: or pass whole evenings in Maria's apartment, or in the parlor of her friend—so full of life—so happy—so amiable, that no one could see, who did not love him.

One of his strongest desires was to exhibit Paris to his wife. He continually envied the Gautiers, who frequently went out with her. At length, he, one day, carried her to the Tuileries, where they promenaded without joining any of the groups. But after perceiving that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon that countenance which was too beautiful to pass unnoticed; after having been for a week obliged to answer the thousand questions of his friends, and even of his simple acquaintances—"we must not go out again together," he said, with a sigh; "You are too beautiful."

"And why should I desire to go," said she, "while you come here?"

That expression, however simple, was a picture of the entire feelings of Maria Rosa. She needed not the world, nor the world's pleasures; for so pure and sweet were her days of quiet retirement, that she sometimes used to sigh when one of them had closed. Her hours passed away with that rapid speed which happiness gives to time. Even her most solitary moments had their peculiar charm: for they were passed in the acquisition of new means for pleasing Leon.—The poor orphan of Nemi was anxious to repair the lost time of her youth. She wished to speak French as well as he spoke Italian—she wished to paint also; because he delighted in the art.

Thus rapidly passed a year, during which the happiness of Maria Rosa was completed by the birth of a son. The fine boy in whose features could be traced the beautiful lineaments of his mother's countenance, was ever in the arms of Léon. And if for a moment the memory of the wife reverted to the misery of the past, she would rise, and kiss her husband and her child, and dash away the tears of joy and gratitude which fell upon her smiling cheek.

Since this event, the desire of Leon to declare his marriage was even stronger than before. How often had he attempted to prepare for that avowal which must be made to Madame d'Estourville. He was continually speaking to her of the dangers to which he had been exposed upon Monte Cavi:—continually describing the noble spirit, the beautiful countenance of the lovely girl who had saved his life. In vain his words expressed the most passionate affection—the thought of so unequal a marriage was so far from the mind of the Marchioness, that all the attempts of Leon had more a tendency to drive him completely to desperation, than to afford

him the courage which he needed for a frank acknowledgment. He had not even dared to say that Maria was in Paris, when his mother was suddenly seized by an alarming illness; and his wife then insisted on his silence. "Think," said she—"how should we reproach ourselves, if we should add to her illness, by the chagrin of this announcement: and moreover, Leon, I must acknowledge my weakness. I fear any change which will affect our situation—we are so happy now!"

Whenever she spoke thus, how far was she from believing that Leon himself could ever change: an event which the constitution of his ardent and versatile mind, could not but render unavoidable.

The extreme beauty of Maria Rosa—the touching simplicity and originality of her manners, had all been requisite to hold the affections of Leon d'Estourville; whose tastes were as instant as they were ardent. But a few months had elapsed after the birth of his son, before he felt the approaches of a desire for a less simple and uniform existence, than that in which he had been spell-bound so long. Having never been insensible of the effect which his fine countenance and elegant address had produced in the society of the capital, he gradually felt a desire to re-enter its gay circles; and began to regret the absence of the thousand accustomed enjoyments which were not to be found in the quiet and peaceful mansion of the Gautiers. At first, he excused himself to his charming wife, by the pretence that his mother's health demanded his attention—his visits by degrees, became less frequent—and at length, whole days passed by, during which, he did not make his appearance.

The first of these was a painful day for Maria Rosa. Not a carriage could stop—not a knock could be heard at the door, without lighting up her countenance, and causing her joyously to say to Madame Gautier, "here he is—here he is!"—but still he did not come. Sad and unhappy, she was continually descending to her own apartment, and re-ascending to that of her friend: and when the day was too far spent for her longer to expect him—"perhaps he is ill—perhaps his mother's sickness may detain him," said she to the good couple; who to relieve her anxiety, at length, sent to the hotel d'Estourville. Leon was in good health—he was at the ball. "Well, my dear child," said Madame Gautier, "you are now tranquil—you will retire contented?" "Yes," answered Maria Rosa, "I am tranquil—but contented!"—the word sunk into her burdened heart—"Contented!—I shall be so, to-morrow, if he comes"—and the doubt which accompanied the thought, drew forth the first tear of sorrow which she had shed for two happy years.

On the morrow, he did come: for it requires time to effect a change from the most tender attachment, to a feeling of indifference; but at last a day arrived, when the gentle, the kind hearted creature, whom a word, a smile could encourage, felt the terrible suspicion that she was no longer loved.

To one whose devotion was so true and deep, this was a plunge from the height of happiness to the depth of affliction. But she was slowly to drain the cup of sorrow. Every day deprived her of a joy, extinguished a hope, by bringing her a new proof of estrangement; Leon continued all his endearing words—all his tender epithets; which, however, came often from his lips, without the appearance of springing from his heart:—his caresses were cold:—his fickle mind had received a thousand new impressions in place of the one cherished thought which had so lately held complete dominion over it. His visits were sooner terminated, and were chiefly spent in a recital of the gay amusements which had elsewhere occupied his time—and then his wife would endeavor to listen without weeping; and would even strive to hear him with a smile; for she had made a silent vow, never to utter a word of reproach to Leon. "He must certainly know that he has changed—he must surely see my misery: and if he cannot discover it, why should I speak? No—no, then he might fear to come; and while here, would feel constraint and ennui—or perhaps he would not come at all. Oh, let me weep in secret—he is so cheerful—let me weep in secret!"

Every morning, she prayed Heaven for strength to preserve her silence—to die in sorrow, without saying to him—"it is you who kill me." She not only found a prudent friend in Madame Gautier, who encouraged her painful resolution,

by advising her to retain her cheerful manner; but she did not forget her words to Leon, "if you are contented, satisfied; you may say to yourself, Maria Rosa is happy!"—"but still I suffer—I weep"—said the poor forsaken wife: "his pleasures are not my pleasures—his joys are not my joys. I, then, have also changed—oh no:—let me not imitate him—let me forget nothing—nothing which I have ever promised him."

Still the remembrance of that pledge was always present in her mind. Well might she have doubted the blessing of that fate which had preserved her life: for although an instinctive feeling compelled her to avoid thinking on the past, she was still, ever conscious of the truth, that her dream of happiness was over.

She sought for consolation only in her child, who was now beginning to lisp a few words. When she had been waiting in vain for Leon, she sought her apartment, with her only remaining treasure. Here her sufferings were less violent—her tears came with less bitterness when they fell upon his head, while his little hands were clasped around her neck. "Thou wilt always love thy mother—thy poor mother—whom he makes so unhappy," she would say, as she kissed his light hair, which had been wet with her tears:—"thou wilt not change!"—and then as if in expiration of the secret murmur which had thus come unbidden from her wounded heart, she would make him speak the name of his father, with all the words of tenderness which he was to repeat when that father came. Soothed by his sweet accents, the poor mother asked herself why Leon did not come to hear them also:—and the thought was answered by the anguish of despair.

So many trials—so much exertion to conceal them, at length undermined her health: although she complained no more of her bodily sufferings than she did of the anguish of her soul. But symptoms of too unequivocal a nature were soon visible. Her beautiful face grew pale, and was daily losing its freshness and its bloom: and an obstinate, increasing cough announced the wasting disease which is so fatal to the young.

When this last alarming symptom appeared, Leon was absent from Paris. He had gone to an estate recently purchased by his mother; and had promised Maria that he should remain there but a single month. Twice that length of time had elapsed, and still his letters did not announce his return. Madame d'Estourville who had then perfectly recovered, had invited a numerous company to pass the summer with her. Pleasures were abundant in that beautiful retreat; and offered to Leon so many attractions, that from week to week, he had postponed his departure, although at times, he longed to see his wife. Her letters were so affectionate, so tender, that he was compelled to reproach himself for so long an absence. Little did he know how often they had been moistened with her tears. Never had her suffering been so keen, so deep. "He will never return," said she to Madame Gautier; "or he will return too late—too late"—she could not complete the sentence. Her good friend, reading her sad thoughts, endeavored to encourage her—to reanimate her hope. But hope was no more to revisit that smitten heart. Without answering the cheerful expressions of her friend, she would silently embrace her, and then go, to weep over her child.

Three months had thus elapsed, when Leon informed her that he should return during the coming week. From that moment, she appeared to revive. She consented to receive the physician, to whose visits her friends had not until then, been able to obtain her consent. She now wished again to live: for her husband's letter appeared more affectionate than any which she had previously received.

The Monday came: her apartment was on the street; and she passed almost the whole day at the window, to catch the first glance of Leon. Although he came not during that day, nor the next; still she constantly kept the same place during the morning of the third: when, at length, she perceived a man, who endeavored to conceal his face, walking slowly up and down, before the house. Perplexed by this occurrence, she pretended to leave the window: when the stranger raised his head: and she, who saw him without herself being seen, uttered an involuntary cry of horror, as she recognized the features of Ascanio.

Ascanio in France! Ascanio in Paris!—what demon brings him here? Maria Rosa, who powerless with fright, had fallen into a seat, rose, and concealed herself, trembling, behind the drapery of the window, in order to be certain

whether her suspicion could be true—but the man had disappeared.

It was indeed Ascanio. The monster, soon after the death of his wife, enraged at having committed the useless crime which had deprived him of his accomplice, determined to leave Italy. Having in his possession, large sums of money obtained by his numerous robberies, he had been residing for a year, in France, to which, the hope of being one day able to revenge himself upon Leon and his wife, had been a sufficient inducement to attract his steps.

Still, she deceived herself with the doubt whether she, indeed, had seen the wretch. The glance which she obtained of that dreaded face, was so sudden, so rapid, that she could still flatter herself that she had been deceived by a similarity of features: moreover, how improbable was the arrival in Paris, of a brigand from Monte Cavi. She was yet musing on this event; and had almost succeeded in convincing herself that her fears could not be true, when all of them which might have still remained, vanished before her unutterable joy at seeing Leon entering her chamber.

He could not cast his eyes upon her who had been vainly waiting for that moment, for three long months, without instant alarm at the fearful signs of her secret but wasting malady; nor without feeling for his gentle victim, emotions so keen that they pierced his soul. "What must she not have suffered?—for alas! her bright and glorious beauty has become but the beauty of a spectre!" Hating his injustice—despising himself, Leon opened his eyes upon the past—and trembled for the future.

"You are ill—you are suffering!" he said, as he kissed her wan cheek and her colorless lip.

"No—I suffer no more," she replied, with a quiet and gentle smile.

Leon spent the whole day with his friends. He had never been more kind—more attracting. The good Madame Gautier had never been more contented. "I shall not lose her," said the excellent woman to herself, as she looked at Maria, whose complexion had changed—whose eyes had become animated—who had regained all her former cheerfulness—for her heart could not deceive—the tide of happiness had returned.

But this was not enough for Leon. Burning with an ardent desire to make reparation for the evil which he had done, he could not any longer conceal his marriage, and having determined to publicly acknowledge it, although certain of arousing the anger of his mother, he departed for that purpose.

On the next day, he returned, after having satisfied the imperious demand of his heart. "Call her by my name—call her by my name"—he cried, embracing his wife; "now my mother knows all."

"You have spoken then, at last?" said Maria, with agitation and alarm.

"I did not dare do that," he replied: but I have written her a letter, which she has this moment read; and I come here, to gain courage to go for the answer. Whatever that may be, my love, we shall be no more asunder. My paternal inheritance is sufficient for all our wants: and if it is my fate to see you repulsed by my mother;—if she deprives me of her affections and her favor; God knows that it will not be the loss of her fortune that I shall regret."

He then went to the chamber, to caress his sleeping boy. In their joy while arranging the happiest plans for the future, in the rapture of their re-united hearts, the hour soon came, in which Leon was to return to Madame d'Estourville's.—"To-morrow—to-morrow—for ever!" said he to his delighted wife. He left the chamber, and again entered it, again approached the cradle, and kissed the forehead of his child.—"Farewell—farewell"—he said with a heavy sigh—"may Heaven grant, that I may now go and receive the kiss of my mother!"

His wife, who had accompanied him half way down the stairs, hastily returned to her apartment, to open the window, and watch his departure from the door. Notwithstanding the darkness of the night, she could still distinguish his retreating form:—when by the glimmer of a lamp, she saw a man spring upon him from behind—strike him suddenly; and then vanish in the darkness, as Leon falls.

Several of the neighbors, roused by her cries, had ran to

the place of horror, and were already around the sufferer when she reached him. Leon extended his arms, and she threw herself within them. "What happiness—to see you once more," she whispered, with a voice so faint as to be scarcely audible. "Go with me to my mother's—go with me to my mother's—I must be carried to my mother's."

"In the name of Heaven, do with him as he desires," cried his wife, to the hesitating group; and a surgeon who had now arrived, decided that his wish might be gratified, as the hotel d'Estourville was near at hand: but insisted that while on the way, no one should be permitted to approach the wounded man, to whom the least agitation might instantly prove fatal. At this command, the poor wife, who had wrung her hands in silent despair, instantly resumed the command of her feelings, and approaching Leon, she took his hand. "If you love me—if you love me—be calm. They are about to remove you—and I shall follow, you know that I shall follow you." She silently took the arm of M. Gautier, who with his wife had arrived at the spot: and with a weight of mental agony greater than that of the convict who is going to the scaffold, she quietly walked behind the litter on which her husband had been laid.

Although the distance was very trifling, it appeared to her like a journey to the extremity of the earth: there was torture in every instant which retarded their arrival—every instant which delayed assistance. They reached the house—the door stood open.—She approached the litter.—"He is dead!" said the surgeon. She fell senseless upon the pavement.—"He is dead," replied several other voices: but she heard them not.

The prayers of M. Gautier prevailed upon some of the domestics to carry her into one of the rooms of the hotel most distant from the apartment of the Marchioness; while the other servants followed the body of their young master, or went weeping to the chamber of their mistress.

The morning came. The sun had shone brightly for several hours, upon that house of sorrow, before Maria Rosa had given any sign of returning life. Her physician at length succeeded in producing some slight degree of animation; but he did not hesitate to say, that she had but a few moments to live. M. Gautier, on hearing this dreadful announcement, hastened to send for the child of Leon, and then went to the chamber of Madame d'Estourville.

The sight of her son caused the dying mother to revive. "He has no father!" she said, fixing her eyes on M. Gautier, who could answer only with his tears: but not a single tear did she let fall, at the certainty of her fate.—One feeling appeared to absorb every personal consideration. Conscious that she was soon to join him who had been the object of her devoted attachment, almost of her adoration, she expressed no regret at the certain approach of her own immediate dissolution; for she felt that she was going to meet Leon.

Every earthly thought which then remained, appeared to be centered upon her son. She pressed him to her heart—she covered him with kisses. She put her cold lips to the hand of her friend, who sobbing, promised to be a mother to her little orphan. With a voice gradually becoming more faint, she named the place where her certificate of marriage was to be found; forgetting nothing which could be necessary to establish the rights of her child. "But," said she, "ask for him no fortune, my good friends,—nothing—nothing but the name of his father—of him whose last thought"—The door was opened, and the Marchioness, followed by M. Gautier, rushed into the apartment.

"Come—come! you whom he has loved so much," cried the poor mother, enfolding her in her arms; "you are my daughter,—your son is my son,—Live, both of you, live, to cherish me—to comfort—to console me!"

"Thou hearest!—thou hearest it, Leon!" exclaimed Maria Rosa, whose voice had instantly acquired new strength: "thy mother pardons thee—she embraces thy wife—she receives thy son!"—and then making a last effort, she gained sufficient strength to rise upon the couch.

"Look at the dear orphan, Madame," she said, placing the boy in the arms of the Marchioness:—"his father loved you: oh, how much he loved you! From the abode where I am going to rejoin him, he sees your goodness—he enjoys this moment, as the poor dying Maria enjoys it:—he blesses you, as I do."

Death, which was fast approaching, did not permit her to end the sentence; but a calm, sweet joy was beaming from her fading eyes. With a smile on the boy—on the mother to whom she left him, her pure and gentle spirit had taken its everlasting flight.

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EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1833.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The continual discovery of ancient remains in various parts of America, ruined fortifications, mounds, weapons, mechanical implements, coins and utensils; the inscription rocks, together with the traditions of the Indians; the analogies between their dialects and customs and those of some of the earlier nations of the Eastern continent; have long been a fruitful source of earnest and perplexing speculation. With the increasing attention which this subject has received from American scholars and antiquarians, the opinion which was long since advanced, and has been ably maintained by some of the learned in Europe, has been rapidly gaining ground in this country; namely, that there existed on the American continent, prior to the time of its discovery by Columbus, a race of men far superior in point of civilization, to any of the tribes or nations by whom it was peopled at that time; and that in fact, the arts and refinement of the kingdoms of Peru and Mexico, instead of being the results of a gradual improvement in those portions of the continent, were but the remnants of a much greater degree of earlier civilization, left them by a mightier race, the traces of whose existence are to be found scattered from the lakes of the North, to the central provinces of South America.

Much attention has recently been called to this curious subject, by the discoveries which have been made in the interior of Guatemala, particularly of the ruins of an ancient city, several of whose buildings exhibit carvings and sculptures in stone, much resembling the architectural ornaments of the East Indian temples; and some of which bear no small resemblance to the earlier Grecian style. A very interesting account of these remains may be found in the volumes of the "Modern Traveller."

Few are aware of the labor and research which has been already expended in the investigation of the ancient remains of America. But although the subject has caused much studious inquiry both here and in Europe, it has not received one half of the attention which it merits. It has been discussed in many elaborate treatises, several of which are of great value: but all which has been discovered and written, only proves the necessity of a more thorough and accurate investigation.

We have been led to these remarks, by accidentally noticing the annexed letters, in an old newspaper. The ruins mentioned in the first, have since been fully examined, and are minutely described in a communication made by Mr Caleb Atwater, to the American Antiquarian Society, and published in the first volume of their Collections. The letter of President Dwight, appears to have been communicated by him, with his accompanying remarks, to the editor of the Connecticut Journal. We do not recollect to have seen them in any work on the subject.

MARIETTA, JUNE 18, 1801.

SIR,—Through the politeness of Governor St. Clair, I am enabled to send you a model of a copper coin, lately discovered at a small distance from the Ohio, on the bank of the Little Miami River, at the depth of about four feet from the surface of the earth, in cleaning out a spring, in the neighborhood of some ancient ruins. This coin is now in the Governor's possession, and we believe it to be as ancient as the ruins themselves; yet on a comparison of its characters with the alphabetical tables of the East, delineated in the Encyclopedia, we have been able to discover no striking resemblance; and the milling on the edge most strongly resembles that on the coins of Spain; from which, however, as well as from those of the rest of Europe, it is in all other respects so totally different, that we are convinced it could not have had an European origin.

This coin, or medal, affords us indubitable evidence of two things.—First, that among the people who manufactured it, population, society, and the arts, had made a respectable progress; and Secondly, that these people were acquainted with the use of iron.

Was this coin brought over from Asia? or was it made in

this country? If the first, a resemblance in the coin, or its characters, with those of that country, will doubtless be discovered; and we shall be supplied with a new proof that our original inhabitants emigrated from that quarter.

If we find none of those resemblances, what shall we say? has this country been the seat of politeness and science; has it had its coinage, and of consequence, a knowledge of making iron? Arts of the first necessity, then, after being solidly established, may be lost. But I am convinced that this coin was not fabricated in America; because I meet with an insuperable objection to the supposition that iron was ever in use here, at a time when the country had not made any considerable advances in improvement.

In every part, I believe, of the old world, where population, society, and the arts, have made a progress equal (at any rate) to the production of a coinage, we find, at least, the remains of some kind of stone work, which has been wrought with iron.—But here, not a single stone has been discovered, bearing the indubitable marks of the chisel—even in the fortifications of this country (which are innumerable) many of which seem to have been designed for permanent residence, places which so imperiously demand materials of strength, and workmanship of solidity; we find none but ramparts of earth.

These circumstances seem to point out to us, an emigration from the old world (probably it was an early one) of a few adventurers, who might bring this coin along with them; who certainly knew the use of iron, but probably had not the knowledge of manufacturing it; or who, if they had, were deterred by the feeble state of their community, and the pressure of immediate and continual wants, from practising on it; till, in a succeeding age, both the art and the uses became unknown.

One would suppose, that a community destitute of iron, could not push its agricultural improvements far; and of consequence, that the difficulty of getting subsistence, would prevent a crowded population.—Yet unquestionably this country has been a populous one.—The immense number and extent of its ancient works, exhibit to my eye a proof of it, which I cannot refuse to admit as conclusive.—The works at this place, although very capacious, are not comparable, either in height or extent, to some others which we have found.—On a large plain, about ninety miles from this place, bounded by one of the western branches of the Muskingum River, we have discovered a train of ancient works, of an extent (I think) of nearly two miles; the ramparts of which are yet in some places upwards of eighteen feet in perpendicular height.

These proofs of ancient population are not to be met with in more commanding positions only, but are spread over the whole face of the country.

When with a kind of sacred enthusiasm, I ramble over these venerable and wide spread ruins, I dwell with astonishment on the singular character of a country, which has arisen without the aid of iron, to extensive population and improvement, and been sunk in a desolation so complete, as to have left not a single vestige of its history.—This latter event was probably produced by war.—Perhaps in these fields, the peaceful descendants of the wanderers from the plains of Asia may have been met and destroyed by a harder race, sprung from the emigrants of Europe.

Unfortunate country! denied even the sad consolation of being remembered, like Carthage, in the annals of your conqueror! I am, sir, with respect, your humble servant,

ELIJAH BACKUS.

SIR,—The subject of the foregoing letter is so interesting, and the sentiments which it contains are so just, that I am induced to transmit it to you, for publication in your paper.

By a comparison of the characters on the *fac simile*, with the Zend, or old Persian alphabet, and with a specimen of old Persian writing, copied from an engraving on copper, both published in the first volume of the Asiatic Researches, I have satisfied myself, that these characters are the old Persian. Several gentlemen, to whom I have pointed out the resemblance, have fully adopted the same opinion.

There are on the *fac simile*, seventeen characters. Of these, nine may be fairly considered as perfect resemblances, if a very small difference of form may be allowed to different engravings; one executed with greater skill and exactness; the other plainly with less. Four, however, of the nine, are pairs; two of the characters being repeated; so that there are but seven different characters, in which this entire resemblance is found. Of the remaining eight, two are a pair, or a repetition of the same letter, and four more are visibly combinations; and all can be satisfactorily shown to be contained in the Persian specimens. Of the other two, I find no traces, unless one of them has been materially disfigured by accident. If this be allowed, it may be considered as being the same with one of the pairs already mentioned.

Beside these, there are on the *fac simile*, seven stars, and five dots, or points. I have not called them characters, because I suppose them to be merely auxiliary to the writing. Of the stars, I find no trace in the specimens; but the dots are exact and remarkable copies of those in the specimens.—All the dots in the specimen, and on the *fac simile*, are quad-

* Several later writers have doubted the truth of this assertion, and contend that the use of iron was not unknown to the ancient inhabitants of at least some portions of the American Continent.

angular; and in one instance on the *fac simile*, three dots are arranged in a triangular form; a fact which occurs five times in the alphabet, and three times in the writing.

The discovery of such a coin, in such circumstances, will naturally give rise to various conjectures. I will not, however, anticipate the reflections of the ingenious on this singular fact. I am persuaded the writer will receive the thanks of all your curious readers.

I am, your, &c.
T. DWIGHT.

Yale College, July 14, 1801.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

FRANKLIN SOCIETY.—The literary exercises of the week commenced on Tuesday morning, with the celebration of the Franklin Society, at the First Congregational Church.

The Oration by H. G. O. Colby, Esq., of Taunton, Mass., on the Demands of the Present Century upon the exertions of Men of Letters, was certainly a production of uncommon merit. It was full of bold, high-toned, independent thought, springing directly from the subject, and uttered with an apparent conviction of its truth and importance. It was a theme appropriate to the occasion and the audience, and was treated in a manner worthy of itself. The speaker well described the imperious nature of those demands, which are made by the present times upon the abilities of public men, and pointed out the most ready means for their exercise; the great results which they have already produced, and the far greater effects of which they are capable, through the agency of those means for the dissemination of knowledge, which are afforded by organized associations of scholars, popular and scientific societies, and above all, by the vast facilities and resources of the periodical press. In connexion with this portion of the subject, the noble and disinterested labors of Brougham and his associates, devoting the intervals of their public labors to the extension of science and the arts, were placed in glowing contrast with the debasing employments of too many of our own countrymen, who with similar capacities for usefulness, are engaged only in selfish schemes for the attainment or perpetuation of their own political influence.

His views of the nature and importance of modern fictitious composition, of the unceasing public demand for the excitements of fancy, and the necessity which therefore exists for sustaining the character of that department of literature, as a means of instruction, instead of allowing it to degenerate to the excitement of sensual passion or morbid sentiment, were illustrated with much point and effect.

He powerfully described the inducements which the present times afford for the study of eloquence; the various opportunities which are afforded for its beneficial exercise, by the peculiar institutions of the age. He enforced the imperative duty of scholars to labor for the proper direction of the public taste; rather than to be guided by its impulses, through a slavish desire for popularity or emolument; and particularly the call which is made upon professional men to labor for their own improvement, in order that they may be able to answer the growing demands upon their resources.

This subject was very appropriately closed by a reference to the just claims of our literary institutions upon the exertions and support of all those who have received their benefits: and to the consequent duty which devolves upon them as a body, to see that these institutions are enabled to advance with the progress of the times.

The Oration might have been improved by an abridgment of some of its divisions; but in matter, composition, and delivery, it was decidedly superior to any other of the Commencement exercises.

It was followed by a Poem by Willis Gaylord Clark, Esq., of Philadelphia, whose acknowledged reputation had led us to expect a first rate performance; and we were therefore wholly unprepared for the disappointment which we experienced. The recitation of a number of stanzas, each of which was little more than a mere repetition of the same trite thought, embodied in a different combination of words, was a poor compliment to the discrimination of such an audience. Every work of art, whether clothed in language, or in a material form, should have a definite subject: and it is as impossible to construct a good poem without one, as it is to erect a house without a foundation, or to build a ship without laying a keel.

Notwithstanding this vital defect, the poem contained many highly finished passages; and exhibited much harmony of versification; the whole effect of which was however lost, in the unmeaning and monotonous tone in which it was recited.

UNITED BROTHERS.—Arrangements had been made for the delivery of an oration before this Society, by Hon. Dutee J. Pearce, of Newport; but other engagements of the Orator prevented his attendance, and no public celebration was holden by the United Brothers.

PHILERMENIAN SOCIETY.—The Oration before the Philermenian Society, on Tuesday afternoon, on the Influence of the Political Systems and Institutions of a Country upon its Science and Literature, by Samuel Ames, Esq. of this city, was a well written, chaste, scholar-like performance. The principles advanced, were well sustained and clearly illustrated. Much ability was displayed in that portion which described the various and powerful incentives which are offered for high mental effort, in a state of society where it is independent of the restraints and degradations of patronage, and seeks its reward only in the approval of enlightened public sentiment; and its support only by supplying the wants, to which such a state of society gives birth. The distinguishing characteristics of the present age, originating in the increasing weight and importance of popular opinion, making it emphatically "the people's age," contrasted with those of every other period of history; afforded rich materials, which were wrought up with much taste and discrimination: and the relative effects of civil and literary institutions, in their mutual action and re-action, each upon the other; were forcibly and eloquently portrayed.

As a whole, Mr Ames's Oration would have borne a little more condensation; and although delivered in an easy and graceful style, its effect would have been heightened by a less rapid enunciation.

Without this and the production of Mr Colby, our Commencement would have afforded but little recompense for the time which it consumed. These were the redeeming labors of the week.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.—The Annual Commencement of Brown University was holden in the First Baptist Meeting House, on Wednesday, at ten o'clock, A. M. The following is the Order of Exercises, which were continued without intermission, to their close.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

Salutatory Addresses.—Arthur S. Train, Framingham, Mass.

Influence of Moral upon Intellectual Cultivation—an Intermediate Oration.—William B. Jacobs, Thompson, Conn. History, the Grand Inquest of Character—a Dissertation.—Nathan F. Dixon, Jun., Westerly.

Influence of Religious Belief upon the emotions of Taste—a Dissertation.—Ebenezer P. Dyer, Abington, Mass.

MUSIC.

Materials for American Literature—an Intermediate Oration.—George F. Pool, Lynn, Mass.

An active Profession the best discipline for Intellectual Character—an Oration.—Benjamin H. Rhoades, Brookline, Mass.

Pulpit Eloquence—an Oration.—Edward A. Stevens, Sunbury, Geo.

MUSIC.

Decline of American Patriotism—an Oration.—Lemuel W. Washburn, Taunton, Mass.

Popular Superstitions—an Intermediate Oration.—Nehemiah Knight, Warwick.

Poetical Character of Scott and Byron—a Dissertation.—Peres Simmons, Hanover, Mass.

MUSIC.

Labor the only true Genius.—George T. Metcalfe, Dedham, Mass.

Egyptian History—an Oration.—Henry B. Anthony, Coventry.

The Power of Humility—an Oration.—Arthur S. Train Framingham, Mass.

MUSIC.

Conferring the Degrees.
PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

MUSIC.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following named young gentlemen.

Henry B. Anthony, Darius Ayer, Nathan F. Dixon, Jun., Ebenezer P. Dyer, Edward Freeman, William B. Jacobs, Nehemiah Knight, Nehemiah G. Lovell, Lorenzo O. Lovell, George T. Metcalfe, George F. Pool, Benjamin H. Rhoades, Peres Simmons, Edward A. Stevens, Jabez Tarr, Charles E.

Toothaker, Arthur S. Train, Lemuel W. Washburn, Horace A. Wilcox, Henry G. Wiley.

The degree of Master of Arts was received in course, by George I. Chace and Christopher M. Nickels, of the class of 1830; and the honorary degree of Master of Arts, was conferred on Hon. Virgil Maxcy, Eli P. Smith and George W. Greene.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. William B. Johnson of South Carolina; and that of L. L. D. on His Excellency William L. Marcy, Governor of New York; and on Professor John Farrar, of the University at Cambridge, Mass.

Among the exercises of the graduating class, but few were much above mediocrity, and some were far below it.—The Dissertation on the Influence of Religious Belief upon the emotions of Taste; the Oration on the benefits of an Active Profession as the best discipline of Intellectual Character; and that on Egyptian History, were among the best. The latter was highly creditable to its young author, as a piece of composition. It would, however, have been more appropriate for the present time, had it contained a more correct description of the existing condition of Egypt, since the commencement of her regeneration; instead of a continual reference to her prior state of utter desolation. The Oration on Pulpit Eloquence, was fairly spoken; but was in itself a mere sermon. The Dissertation on the Poetical Characters of Scott and Byron, was an exact counterpart of an hundred prosing essays upon the same subject, which have been travelling the rounds of the newspapers, for the last half a dozen years. The best performance was the Oration on Labor, as the only true Genius. It was a vigorous, manly production, replete with good sense and correct taste. Its closing figure was a fine and beautiful conception, and was embodied in language which was truly eloquent.

PHI BETA KAPPA. On Wednesday afternoon, an Oration was delivered before the Rhode-Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa, by Hon Virgil Maxcy, of Washington City.—We regret the necessity which compels us to say, that this was far from answering the expectations which had been excited by its announcement. One portion of the topics which were discussed by the Orator, would have been well adapted for a political meeting, and the remainder would have formed a good subject for an address to a Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry: but considered as an Oration prepared for the anniversary celebration of the first Literary Society in the State, to be delivered on such a day, and before such an audience, it was utterly ill-timed and inappropriate. With respect to the political views which it contained, we need only say, that whether they were right or wrong, true or false; the "classic ground" which the speaker occupied, was not the proper place for their discussion and setting aside all this, an audience on such an occasion, had certainly a right to expect something of a more decidedly literary character, than the statistical accounts of rail-roads and manufacturing, and labor-saving machinery, which are to be found in all the "People's Magazines" and "Penny Magazines," in both hemispheres. We repeat, that we regret the necessity which has called forth these remarks, conscious as we are, that they may appear to have been written with undue severity: but all criticism on such occasions, is worse than useless, unless the balance is held with an even hand, and the truth spoken with freedom and candor.

HARVARD.—The commencement exercises at the University at Cambridge, took place on Wednesday of last week. The degree of A. B. was conferred on fifty-four of the graduating class: thirty-three of whom, had performances assigned them in the exercises of the day. None of the higher honorary degrees was conferred by the College government. On Thursday morning, the declamations for the Boylston prizes for elocution, took place; and at noon, an oration was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa, by Hon. Edward Everett, and a poem by Professor Longfellow of Bowdoin College.

WILLIAMS.—The Commencement at Williams College was celebrated on the Wednesday previous. There were twenty-five candidates for the baccalaureate, and the honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. William Cogswell, Secretary of the American Education Society.

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.
AN ENGLISH ECLOGUE.

STRANGER.

Whom are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of Death?

TOWNSMAN.

A long parade, indeed, sir; and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

STRANGER.

'T is but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempt me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN.

Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says, the Proclamation
Of Peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this,
Only that red and green are prettier colors
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gowned worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our Exchange,
Aye, what was worth, last week, a good half million,
Screwed down in yonder hearse.

STRANGER.

Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN.

When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leaped to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath wakened wiser thoughts;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

STRANGER.

The Camel and the Needle—
Is that, then, in your mind?

TOWNSMAN.

Even so. The text
Is Gospel wisdom. I would ride the Camel—
Yea, leap him flying, through the Needle's eye,
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER.

Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN.

Your pardon too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER.

Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wronged,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN.

All honest, open, honorable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER.

Why judge you, then,
So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN.

For what he left
Undone—for sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed;
Bowed to no idol—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths, except at the Custom-house;
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honor his dead father: did no murder:
Never picked pockets: never bore false witness;
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbor's house, nor ox, nor ass.

STRANGER.

You know him, then, it seems.

TOWNSMAN.

As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel—

STRANGER.

Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNSMAN.

We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives; but as for this—
The rains of Heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER.

Yet even these
Are reservoirs, whence public charity

Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN.

Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise;
But the poor man rung never at his door:
And the old beggar at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world, donations to keep open
A running charity-account with Heaven:
Retaining-fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STRANGER.

I must needs
Believe you, sir, these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief!

TOWNSMAN.

Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlor spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus! Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught.
The Multiplication-table was his creed,
His paternoster, and his decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was trained up,
His feet departed not; he toiled and moiled,
Poor muckworm! through his threescore years and ten:
And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 't would still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER.

Yet your next newspapers will blazon him,
For industry and honorable wealth,
A bright example.

TOWNSMAN.

Even half a million
Gets him no praise. But come this way
Some twelvemonth hence, and you will find his virtues
Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
Faith with her torch beside, and little Cupids
Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.

TO THE NAUTILUS.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Where Ausonian summers glowing,
Warm the deep to life and joyance,
And gentle zephyrs nimbly blowing;
Wanton with the waves that flowing
By many a land of ancient glory,
And many an isle renowned in story,
Leap along with gladsome buoyance,

There Marinere,
Dost thou appear

In fairy pinnace gaily flashing,
Through the white foam proudly dashing,
The joyous playmate of the buxom breeze,
The fearless foundling of the mighty seas.

Thou the light sail boldly spreadest,
O'er the furrowed waters gliding,
Thou nor wreck, nor foe-man dreadest;
Thou nor helm nor compass needest;
While the sun is bright above thee,
While the bounding surges love thee,
In their deepening bosom hiding,

Thou canst not fear,
Small Marinere;

For though the tides with restless motion,
Bear thee to the desert ocean,
Far as the ocean stretches to the sky,
'T is all thine own, 't is all thy empery.

Lame is art, and her endeavor
Follows nature's course but slowly,
Guessing, toiling, seeking ever,
Still improving, perfect never;

Little Nautilus, thou showest
Deeper wisdom than thou knowest,
Lore, which man should study lowly,
Bold faith and cheer,
Small Marinere,
Are thine within thy pearly dwelling,
Thine, a law of life, compelling
Obedience, perfect, simple, glad and free,
To the great will that animates the sea.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—Nathan, in his "Essay on the History and Theory of Music," the second part of which has just been published, after having mentioned the three classes of vocal sound which are distinguished in the Italian school of singing—namely, the chest voice (*voce de petto*), the throat voice or *falsetto*, and the head voice, or (*voce di testa*), speaks of a fourth, which he says is almost peculiar to the Jews.—This he describes as a species of ventriloquism—a soft and seemingly distant sound produced in the chest and back of the throat and head; an inward and suppressed sound of peculiarly soft and melodious tone. Braham, he says, is the only public singer, whom he has ever heard, who has availed himself of the proper advantages which this feigned voice affords. It is commonly cultivated amongst the Hebrews; it is termed by them, "the voice of a child," and Mr Nathan attributes to their use of it, the peculiar sweetness of their style of singing. By the bye, Mr Nathan enumerates, among the Jewish musical composers of the present day, Moscheles, Mendleshon, Kalkbrenner, Hertis, Mayerbeer and Paganini.

INGENIOUS PAINTING.—A Moravian clergyman, who travelled as a missionary, during the last century, among the Indians in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other states, gives an account of a visit which he made to one of his savage acquaintances at his own wigwam. He found him engaged in plucking out his beard, preparatory to painting himself for a dance, which was to occur the ensuing evening. The missionary, not liking to intrude on the gentleman under these circumstances, went home to his lodgings in the same village. He had not been there long when the Indian having finished his head dress, came to see him, as he said, though more probably to be seen. To his utter astonishment, the missionary saw three different expressions of countenance on his friend's face. By great ingenuity in laying on and shading the different colors, he made his nose appear to a person standing directly in front of him, as if it were very long and narrow with a round knob at the end, much resembling the upper part of a pair of tongs. On one cheek there was a red round spot about the size of an apple; and the other was painted in the same manner with black. The eyelids, both the lower and the upper ones, had the appearance of being twisted altogether out of place, by coloring.

Again the matter was so arranged, that when the spectator took a side view of him, his nose represented the beak of an eagle, with the bill brought to a point precisely as those birds have it, though the mouth was somewhat open. The eye was astonishingly well done. On looking on the other side, the same nose turned to the snout of a pike, with the mouth so open that the teeth could be seen.

The fellow seemed much pleased with his own workmanship, and having his small looking glass with him, gazed at it with great exultation.

A tyrant attacks the soul first, then the body; I mean he first tries to make his slaves stupid, before he renders them miserable, because he knows people with sensible minds will direct their hands with their head, and raise them against the tyrant. The executioner imitates him, in drawing the bandage round the criminal's eyes, before he tortures him.

Death is natural to man, but slavery unnatural; and the moment you strip a man of his liberty, you strip him of all his virtues; you convert his heart into a dark hole, in which all the vices conspire against you.—Burke.

Ambition, like love, can abide no lingering; and ever urges on its successes, hating nothing but what may stop it.—Sir P. Sidney.

"Eminent distinctions," says the author of The Journal of a Nobleman at the Congress of Vienna, "are like the pyramids, only to be reached by two sorts of beings, reptiles and eagles."

Intellectual talents are the noblest gift of the Almighty, but they involve their possessor in high and solemn responsibility. Prostituted genius is the nearest resemblance of the spirit of evil. It looks like Satan clothed in an angel's garb.

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